

TALES OF THE UNUSUAL

STORY/ART BY SUNGDAE OH

SOUL TRAPPING: PART 1



THAT'LL
BE 17,000
WON.

SURE.



ENJOY
YOUR FOOD.

TREMBLE

BAC





STRANGE..

WHY
HAVE I BEEN
FEELING SO
UNWELL
LATELY..?

WOBBLE



...?







HM.
IT'S OFTEN
FOUND LATE
LIKE THIS..



BUT
WHEN FOUND.
THERE ARE MANY
CASES WHERE IT'S
ALREADY TOO
LATE.

TOO LATE?
YOU MEAN..

EVEN IF YOU
RECEIVE TREATMENT,
YOU HAVE AROUND
THREE MONTHS AT
MOST...



TERMINAL CANCER? ME...?

I'M HOME





HEY,
I'M MAKING
KIMCHI
PANCAKE.

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a dark suit, is standing in a kitchen. She is holding a long-handled spatula and looking towards a man whose back is to the camera. The kitchen has a grey wall and a white countertop.

I KNEW
I SMELLED
SOMETHING GOOD
OUTSIDE THE
DOOR.

OH YEAH?
IT TURNED OUT
REALLY WELL
TONIGHT.

BUT
WHY DO YOU
LOOK SO TIRED
LATELY?


ALL...
IT'S NOTHING.
I'VE JUST HAD
A LOT OF
WORK.



HERE,
HAVE SOME.

SLOSH





SO WHAT'S UP?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
BUSY BUT THEN YOU SUDDENLY
CALLED ME UP AND ASKED
TO HAVE A DRINK.

IS THERE
SOMETHING
WRONG?

AH..



NO..
I JUST FELT LIKE
HAVING A
DRINK..

SLURP



I'VE KNOWN
YOU FOR 20 YEARS
SINCE HIGH
SCHOOL.

JUDGING
FROM THE WAY
YOU'RE AVOIDING EYE
CONTACT WITH ME,
YOU MUST BE
LYING.

YOU HAVE
SOMETHING TO SAY.
DON'T YOU? HURRY UP
AND TELL ME,
MAN.



I'VE
GOT CANCER.



HEY,
DON'T JOKE
ABOUT SOMETHING
LIKE THAT.

YOU'RE
SURE DRINKING
WELL FOR SOMEONE
WHO'S GOT
CANCER.

IT WOULDN'T
CHANGE ANYTHING
TO STOP DRINKING
NOW ANYWAY.

SSK

HUH..?

MR. YODCHORN SSK.
WE'VE SCHEDULED
YOUR APPOINTMENT
FOR CHEMOTHERAPY.
PLEASE BE AT THE
HOSPITAL AT 10 A.M.

FOR RELATED
INQUIRIES
02-751-XXXX

A close-up of a man with dark hair, wearing a white lab coat, looking down with a distressed expression. A speech bubble is positioned to his left.

S-SO IT'S..
TRUE..?

THEY SAY
IT'S TOO LATE
EVEN FOR
SURGERY..



YOO-CHEOL
I DIDN'T TELL YOU
BEFORE BECAUSE
I WAS AFRAID YOU
MIGHT THINK I WAS
WEIRD..

BUT MY
UNCLE HAS A BIT
OF A UNIQUE
ABILITY..

STEP

STEP

HE CAN'T
CURE YOUR ILLNESS
OR ANYTHING.
BUT..



HOW
SHOULD
I EXPLAIN
THIS..?



I GUESS YOU
COULD SAY THAT IT'S
A WAY FOR YOU TO
STAY IN THIS WORLD
LONGER..

GO VISIT
HIM AND HAVE A
TALK WITH HIM.

ETERNAL
MASTER



.....

A man with a mustache, wearing a white lab coat over a dark shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is dark, featuring two lit candles in ornate holders on either side of a small white object on a shelf behind him. A speech bubble is positioned above his head, and another is at the bottom right of the frame.

A
ROUND AMULET,
HAIR, AND GRAINS
OF RICE.

WITH THOSE,
YOU'RE GOING TO
DO SOMETHING CALLED
'SOUL TRAPPING.'

SOUL TRAPPING
MEANS SEALING YOUR
SOUL IN A PRE-DESIGNATED
OBJECT WHEN
YOU DIE.



IT'S LIKE
YOU BECOME A
SECURITY CAMERA THAT
CAN OBSERVE THIS
WORLD.

OF COURSE,
YOU CAN'T MOVE OR
DO ANYTHING EXPECT THINK
AND WATCH YOUR
SURROUNDINGS.



THE
DURATION IS
ONE YEAR PER
GRAIN OF
RICE.

IT'S NOT
NECESSARILY A
GOOD THING TO PUT IN LOTS,
SO IT'S BEST TO PUT IN AN
AMOUNT THAT SUITS
YOUR SITUATION.



JUST
SO YOU KNOW,
YOU EXPERIENCE TIME
IN THE SAME WAY AS
BEFORE YOU
DIED.

SO THINK
CAREFULLY WHEN
DECIDING.



RIGHT..

CAN I
REALLY TRUST
THIS..?



NOW
I'M FILLED WITH
REGRET..

STEP

STEP

I SHOULD
HAVE AT LEAST
GOTTEN
INSURANCE..



MY
BELLY HAS
REALLY GOTTEN
ROUND.

IT WON'T
BE LONG TILL
WE SEE OUR
BABY NOW.

YEAH.



.....

BY THE WAY,
DID YOU GO TO
THE HOSPITAL?

AH..
NOT YET,
IT'S HARD TO
FIND TIME..



YOU
LOOK SO TIRED
AND SICK
LATELY..



FOR
SOME REASON,
MY BODY HAS BEEN
FEELING ACYH FOR
A WHILE.

JUST MAKE
SURE YOU TAKE
THE DAY OFF WORK
TOMORROW AND
GO TO THE
HOSPITAL.

AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION,
I PUT IN 35 GRAINS OF RICE.

I HAVE TO TELL HER
THAT I'M GOING TO DIE SOON..
AND ABOUT THE SOUL TRAPPING..
BUT I JUST CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO
TALK ABOUT IT..

WHAT SHOULD I DO..?





HUFF..

HUFF..

THUD-









IS THIS..?



SO..
I'M.. DEAD..

To be continued..